



THE EFFECTS
OF SELFISH PRINCIPLES.

(Concluded.)

THE son frowned.—“Here?” said he, “you do not recollect, father——.”

“I know very well that I am in danger here; but mention any other place where I may be secure, and I will repair thither.”

The son knew of none.—“But here—” he began again, “do you know that every person who secretes you, is liable to the penalty of death? do you know that, father?”

“For that very reason, no one can or will receive me.”

“But do you desire that I should subject myself to such imminent hazard? Why should I? Indeed, father, you require too much! If I had it in my power to save you, the case would be different; but the domiciliary visits continue with unabated activity; here you are certainly the least secure.”

“Yes,” suddenly exclaimed the

father, indignant at the insensibility of his son, “so I see a villain! here I am the least secure; if the tyrant had set a price upon my head, you would——. O God!” he added, in a milder tone, wringing his hands, “why should I complain? How can he think otherwise? Did I not teach it him myself?”

At that moment the house-bell rang. A servant announced that one of the national guards was at the door, and enquired for citizen Rouelle. Both the father and son trembled. “O, begone! begone!” exclaimed the son, make haste, for God’s sake! You will involve me in misery! begone, delay not a moment, farewell.”

The father regarded the son with a look of mingled horror and detestation. Without saying a word, he left the room, and hastened down stairs to deliver himself up to the national guard. The selfish insensibility of his son, had almost annihilated every faculty. The national guard cast a scrutinizing look at Rouelle, and said, with emotion:—“Come, Sir, your life is in danger, I will save you.” Rouelle did not hear what the

guard said, but repeated from time to time with poignant anguish :—
 "That was my son ! I was his father."

Having reached one of the Fauxbourgs, the guard opened the door of a small house, and said in a tone of agitation :—"Enter here, unfortunate man !" It was not till then that Rouelle paid any attention to external objects. "Whither are you conducting me, friend, asked he, who are you ?" Without making any reply, his guide drew him into the house, and up a narrow staircase, to a secret loft, the door of which was concealed with straw. A crevice in the roof just admitted sufficient light for Rouelle to perceive a bed that was intended for him. "Will you lie down ?" asked the guard, softly ; "we have no time to lose. Adieu till to-morrow, Sir !—Here you are safe." He left the place, again covered the door with straw, and descended without noise.

Rouelle threw himself on the bed, and gave way to the most tormenting reflexions on the ingratitude of his son ; for, alas ! he could not deny that he himself, through the education he had given him, was the cause of his undutiful conduct. In these reflexions he was interrupted by a violent knocking at the door of the house, and a number of loud voices. The house was searched, and, to Rouelle's terror, even the garret was examined. "As I tell you," said

one of the voices, "here is nothing suspicious ; would to heaven that all the Parisians were as good republicans as citizen Morton !"

Rouelle had raised himself up in order to listen : the name of Morton burst on his ear like the most tremendous thunder. "Oh avenging God !" he sobbed out, and covered his face with both his hands. All was again quiet, both in the house and in the street, but not in Rouelle's heart ; over which, during the whole night, the terrific angel of vengeance extended a flaming sword. His system now appeared nothing but a hideous falsehood ; injured virtue stood before him in the figure of the murdered Louisa, and then in that of his neglected wife ; the son too, whom he had plunged into misery, was his deliverer, and him he was to see in the morning ! He trembled at the idea, which was more terrible than death, which followed his steps.

With the first dawn of the morning's light, he endeavoured to open the door of the loft, and in this attempt he succeeded. He softly descended the stairs, with the intention of leaving the house where he was threatened with the terrific presence of his son. His efforts to open the door of the house, made considerable noise. He heard some person coming down stairs. In the utmost anxiety he broke open the door, but at the same moment he found

himself detained. Morton, laying hold on the staggering Rouelle, asked him:—"Whither are you going, unfortunate man?" Rouelle recollected his son's voice, and sunk insensible, in his arms. When he came to himself, an hour afterwards, he was lying upon a bed: his son and his wife were grasping his hands, and pressing them with tender emotion, when he recovered his senses.

"O my father!" were the first words that Rouelle heard. He looked fearfully around, and perceived tears in his son's eyes. This sight rent his heart, but mitigated his despair; he sobbed aloud.—"O my father!" repeated Morton, sighing, and pressed Rouelle's hand to his lips.

The unfortunate man was as yet unable to speak; he endeavored to hide his face. "Go, son, I intreat you," said his weeping mother, "you are too much affected." Morton retired. "M. de Rouelle," she thus began to address him.—"Unhappy wretch!" he exclaimed, interrupting her; "has he forgiven me? may I call him my son?" His wife's assurances at length restored him to some degree of composure. Morton returned, and sunk on his father's bosom. Mild repentance and virtue now operated with gentle force on Rouelle's heart; he wished for an opportunity of dying for his son.

They mingled their tears, and the father's crime was forgotten.

What anguish rent Rouelle's bosom, when his wife related to him how unhappy her son had been rendered by the death of his Louisa; how he had combatted his feelings, and striven not to hate his father, and how in the midst of his distress, he had always endeavoured to excuse him. "He is your son, Rouelle," continued his mother, "how could he hate you! We lived here in Paris on the remainder of my property, and by the labour of our hands, which with the utmost frugality, were scarcely sufficient for our support. "Ah!" exclaimed Rouelle, "why did you not apply to me? Did you doubt that I——. Alas! wretch that I am, how was it possible that you could do otherwise?"

"No, we did not doubt your readiness to assist us; we knew that the dreadful occurrence had given a shock both to yourself, and your principles; but your son—he wished to spare you the sight of one who by your means had been rendered so miserable. At length we learned from the public prints that you were persecuted by the sanguinary tyrants. Your son trembled for you, and resolved to attempt your deliverance. He imagined that you were concealed at your own house by his brother." Rouelle sighed—"Considering it a very precarious asylum, he overcame the delicacy which had pre-

vented him from seeing you; he went one evening to fetch you, and heaven be praised, he was so fortunate as to save your life.

Rouelle lived a whole year in the habitation of his son, who maintained him by his industry. Here he first learned to know the felicity of loving, and being loved, of thinking, acting, and sacrificing comforts and conveniences for others. What pleasure he experienced in renouncing any enjoyment, that he might spare his son and his wife an hour's labour! He now found that virtue, and not pleasure is the object that constitutes the happiness of human existence.

At length the monster who had deluged France with blood, fell beneath the avenging sword; and Rouelle left his asylum, when he could appear without danger. He produced evidence that he had never left Paris, and was about to resume the possession of his property. This was by no means agreeable to his youngest son; he denounced his father, as having actually emigrated. "O God!" exclaimed the unhappy father on reading the accusation; "these are the consequences of my principles! I am persecuted by the son whom I cherished; and he, whom I rendered miserable, is my deliverer! He sunk on the bosom of his virtuous child.

The suit was of short duration; the father was reinstated in the

possession of his property, half of which he resigned to his youngest son. "O wretch," said he, at the same time, "if I could take from you the odious principles which you have learned of me, with pleasure would I reduce myself to poverty!"

BIOGRAPHY.

SIR WILLIAM SIDNEY SMITH.

(Continued.)

SOON after the conclusion of the Swedish warsir Sidney, whose native ardour would not suffer him to remain long without seeking employment, repaired to Constantinople, where, through the English ambassador, he made an offer of his services to the Porte; but finding his overtures rejected, he demanded of his negociator, who was a Turk, the reason assigned for refusing his services. His friend being much pressed by him for satisfaction on this point, at length assured him, after many evasive replies, that the Porte had no other objection to employ him but that he was suspected to be a Jew; some of the French officers it afterwards appeared, with that cunning and intrigue for which their nation has ever been conspicuous, had circulated a report that sir Sidney Smith was the son of Jewish parents, and secretly an adherent to that religion. He was

therefore about to return to England, had not a Turkish admirals, less credulous, and perhaps less superstitious than his superiors, given him an employment in his division, in which he continued to act till he was recalled home by his majesty's proclamation on the commencement of the war with France, after the death of the king.

Sir Sidney, therefore, repairing immediately from Smyrna to the fleet under lord Hood before Toulon, towards the conclusion of the siege of that city, exerted his great and distinguished courage in the service of his own country. He harrassed the enemy with numerous attacks on their ships and smaller vessels; and on the 18th of March, 1796, he forced an entrance into the bay of Herqui, destroyed the batteries on the land, and burned the ships in the harbour. He at this time commanded the *Diamond*, a ship of 38 guns, to which he was appointed in 1794.

Very soon, however, while eagerly exerting his ardent courage, to the annoyance of the enemy, he had the misfortune (on the 18th of April, 1796,) to fall into their hands. Being at this time stationed off Havre de Grace, he observed one of the enemy's lugger privateers, which had been driven by the strong setting of the tide into the harbour, above the forts. He captured the privateer, remaining

in the situation just described, during the night. But at day-light, the French discovering their lugger in tow of several English boats, an alarm was given, and several gun boats and other armed vessels attacked the lugger and the boats, while another lugger of superior force was warped out against the lugger that had been taken. All resistance soon became unavailing, and sir Sidney Smith, with about nineteen of his valiant comrades were compelled to surrender themselves prisoners of war. This accident was rendered the more mortifying by the circumstance that the *Diamond*, though all this time in perfect safety, was prevented by a dead calm, from affording any assistance to her gallant commander.

After the unfortunate capture of Sir Sidney, the other officers who remained on board the *Diamond* sent in a flag of truce to inquire whether he was wounded, and to request that he might be treated with kindness. The governor returned a polite answer, stating that Sir Sidney was well, and that he should be used with the utmost humanity and attention.

Contrary to this assurance, however, and in violation of the law and practice of all civilized nations, which permits the exchange of prisoners of war, Sir Sidney was at first treated with unusual severity; and it was even hinted that he ought to be tried by a military tribunal as a spy. At length

however, orders were issued by the government that he should be removed to Paris, where he was closely confined in the Abbaye, together with his clerk, and a Monsiur de T—, a generous Frenchman, who assumed the appellation of John, and passed for his servant, with the hope of finding some means to assist him in making his escape, which at length was happily effected.

Of the manner in which his escape was at last effected, there have been several accounts, agreeable in general in the principal circumstances, but differing in various particulars. We shall here give one, which is sufficiently minute, and appears to bear the marks of authenticity, as we find it in a late publication.

“The means of escape now became the constant object on which Sir Sidney and his friends employed their minds. The window of their prison fronted the street, and from this circumstance they hoped, sooner or later, to effect their purpose. They contrived to carry on a regular correspondence, by means of signs, with some women who could see them from their apartments, and who seemed to take the most lively interest in their fate. These proposed to assist in the liberation of Sir Sidney, an offer which he accepted with gratitude; and he has declared, that notwithstanding the enormous expenses occasioned by

their unsuccessful attempts, they have not the less claim to his gratitude. Till the time of his deliverance, their whole employment was that of endeavouring to save him; and they had the address at all times to deceive the vigilance of his keepers. On both sides borrowed names were used. Those of the women were borrowed from the ancient mythology; so that Sir Sidney was indulged with a direct communication with Thalia, Melpomene, and Clio.

He was now removed to the Temple, to which prison his three *Muses* contrived means of conveying intelligence, and plans for effecting his escape. He was, however, resolved not to leave his English companion in prison; and still less poor John, whose safety (for being a Frenchman, it involved his life) was more dear to him than his own emancipation.

In the Temple, John was permitted to enjoy a considerable degree of liberty. Dressed in the light costume of an English jockey, and knowing how to assume the manners which belong to that character, every one was fond of him; he drank and fraternized with the turnkeys; he made love to the keeper's daughter, who was persuaded he would marry her; and as the little English jockey was not supposed to have received a very brilliant education, he had learned sufficiently to mutilate his native tongue. John appeared ve-

ry attentive to his service, and always spoke to his master in the most respectful manner. The master, on his part, scolded him from time to time with *much gravity*; and frequently surprized himself in the act of forgetting the friend, and seriously giving orders to the valet.

At length John's wife, Madame de Tr—, a very interesting woman, arrived at Paris. She dared not come, however, to the Temple, through dread of a discovery; but from a neighbouring house she daily beheld her husband, who, as he walked to and fro, enjoyed alike in secret the pleasure of contemplating the friend of his bosom. Madame de Tr— soon communicated a plan for their escape to a sensible and courageous young man of her acquaintance, who acceded to it without the smallest hesitation.

Ch. L'Oiseau, for that was the name which the young Frenchman assumed, was connected with the agents of the king then confined in the Temple, for whom he was also contriving the means of escape, and it was intended they should all attempt to get off together.

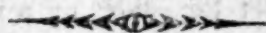
Every thing seemed prepared for the execution of their project. A hole, twelve feet long, was to be made in a cellar adjoining to the prison, and the apartments to which the cellar belonged, were at their disposal. Mademoiselle D—

generously came to reside there for a week, and being young, the other lodgers attributed to her alone the frequent visits of Ch. L'Oiseau. No one in the house in question, had any suspicions. The amiable little child which mademoiselle D— had with her, who was only seven years old, so far from betraying the secret, always beat a little drum, and made a noise while the work was going on in the cellar.

L'Oiseau having continued his labours without any appearance of day-light, was apprehensive he had attempted the opening considerably too low. It was necessary, however, that the wall should be sounded; and for this purpose a mason was required. The worthy mason perceived the object was to save some of the victims of misfortune, and came without hesitation. He only said, "If I am arrested, take care of my children."

What a misfortune frustrated all their hopes! Though the wall was sounded with the greatest precaution, the last stone fell out, and rolled into the garden of the Temple. The centinel perceived it, alarm was given, the guard arrived, and all was discovered. Fortunately, however, their friends had time to make their escape.

[To be continued.]



Pedantry and taste are as inconsistent as gaiety and melancholy.

For the Lady's Miscellany.

....

VARIETY.

....

ORIGINAL AND SELECTED.

....

THE HORRORS OF WAR.

The following article is copied from a late London paper : it is a faithful description of war, in all its horrors.

'The Tyrolese.

The following particulars of Desfevre's expedition against the Tyrol, in August last, have been transmitted to us by a correspondent, to whom they were communicated by a Saxon major, who escaped from the destruction of those terrible days.

"WE had penetrated to Innsbruck without great resistance ; and although much was every where talked of the Tyrolese stationed upon and round the Brenner, we gave little credit to it, thinking the rebels to have been dispersed by a short cannonade, and already considering ourselves as conquerors. Our entrance into the passes of the Brenner was only opposed by small corps, which continued falling back, after an obstinate, though short resistance. Among others, I perceived a man full *eighty* years of age, posted against the side of a rock, and sending death amongst our ranks, with every shot. Upon the Bavarians descending from behind to

take him prisoner, he shouted aloud, hurrah ! struck the first man to the ground with a ball, seized hold of the second, and with the ejaculation, "in God's name !" precipitated himself with him into the abyss below.

" Marching onwards, we heard resound from the summit of a high rock : " Steven ! shall I chop it off yet !" to which a loud " nay," reverberated from the opposite side. This was told to the Duke of Dantzic, who, notwithstanding, ordered us to advance ; at the same time he prudently withdrew from the centre to the rear. The van, consisting of 4000 Bavarians, had just stormed a deep ravine, when we again heard halloo'd over our heads ; " Hans ! for the most Holy Trinity !" Our terror was complete by the reply that immediately followed :—" In the name of the Holy Trinity, cut all loose above !" and ere a minute had elapsed, were thousands of my comrades in arms crushed, buried, and overwhelmed, by an incredible heap of broken rocks, stones, and trees, hurled down upon us. All of us were petrified. Every one fled that could ; but a shower of balls from the Tyrolese, who now rushed from the surrounding mountains, in immense numbers, and among them boys and girls of ten and twelve years of age, killed or wounded a great many of us. It was not till we had got these fatal mountains six leagues behind us, that we were assembled by the

Duke, and formed into six columns. Soon after, the Tyrolese appeared, headed by Hofer, the innkeeper. After a short address from him, they gave a general fire, flung their arms aside, and rushed upon our bayonets with only their clenched fists. Nothing could withstand their impetuosity. They darted at our feet, threw or pulled us down, strangled us, wrenched the arms from our hands, and like enraged lions, killed all—French, Bavarians, and Saxons, that did not cry for quarter! by doing so, I, with 300 men, was spared, and set at liberty.

“When all lay dead around, and the victory was completed, the Tyrolese, as if moved by one impulse, fell upon their knees, and poured forth the emotions of their hearts in prayer, under the canopy of heaven; a scene so awfully solemn, that it will ever be present to my remembrance. I joined in the devotion, and never in my life did I pray more fervently.”

ANECDOTE.

Lord Orrery, and David Garrick.

When Mossop the player came from Ireland to England, he bro't an introductory letter from Lord Orrery to David Garrick, and was in consequence engaged. When some months afterwards, his lordship arrived in England, and breakfasted with the manager, they had the following dialogue:—

Orrery.—David, I congratulate you. I enquire not about the *success* of your theatre; with yourself and Mossop, it must be triumphant. The *Percy and Douglass both in arms*, have a right to be confident. *Separate*, you were two bright luminaries; *united*, you are a constellation! the *gemini* of the theatric hemisphere. Excepting yourself, my dear David, no man that ever trod on tragic ground, has so forcibly exhibited the various passions that agitate, and I may say, agonize the human mind. He makes that broad stroke at the heart, which being aimed by the hand of nature, reaches the prince or the peasant; the peer or the plebian. He is not the mere player of fashion, for the player of fashion, David, may be compared to a man tossed in a blanket, the very instant his supporters quit their hold, down drops the hero of the day. However, as general assertions do not carry conviction, I will arrange my opinions under different heads, not doubting your assent to my declarations, which shall be founded on fact, built upon experience. First of the first—his voice; his voice is the *argentum vox* of the ancients; the silver tone of which, so much has been written, but which never struck upon a modern ear till Mossop spoke—

“Then mute attention reign'd.”

Garrick.—Why, my lord, as to his voice, I must acknowledge it is loud enough; the severest critic

cannot accuse him of *whispering* his part ; for egad, it was so sonorous, that the people had no occasion to come *into* the theatre to hear him ; they used to go into the pastry cook's in Russel-court, eat their custards, and hear him as well as if they had been in the Orchestra ; he made the welkin roar ; no one could doubt the goodness of his lungs, or accuse him of sparing them, but as to—

Orrery.—What, you have found out he bellows, have you ? you have discovered that he roars ? upon my soul, David, you are right ; he bellows like a bull. We used to call him *bull Mossofi, Mossofi the bull*. We had no better name for him in the country. But then, David, his *eye* is an eye of fire ; and when he looks, he looks unutterable things. It is scarce necessary that he should speak, for his eye conveys any thing that he means, and except your own, is the brightest, most expressive, most speaking eye that ever beamed in a—

Garrick.—Why, my lord, with the utmost submission to your lordship, from whose accurate taste, and comprehensive judgment, I tremble to differ, does not your lordship think there is a—a dull kind of heaviness, a blank-et, a—

Orrery.—What, you have discovered that he is blind ! egad, David, whatever *his* eye may be, nothing can escape *yours*. He is

blind as a beetle. There is an *opacity*, a *stare* without sight, a sort of filminess, exactly as you describe. But, notwithstanding I allow that he bellows like a bull, and is blind as a beetle, his memory has such peculiar *tenacity*, that whatever he once receives, adheres to it like glue ; he does not forget a syllable of his part.

Garrick.—Upon my honor, my lord, if his memory was what you describe, in Ireland, he must have forgot to bring it with him to London, for *here* the prompter is obliged to repeat every sentence ; and he cannot retain a whole sentence, there is absolutely a necessity of splitting into two parts.

Orrery.—What, you have discovered that his head runs out ? upon my soul it never would hold any thing : Lady Orrery used to call him *Cullender Mossofi, Mossofi the Cullender*. The fellow could not remember a common distich ; but notwithstanding this, his carriage is so easy, his air so gentleman-like, his deportment has so much fashion, that you perceive at a glance he has kept the best company ; no one who sees him conceives they are looking at a player ; he looks like one of our house, he has the port of nobility.

Garrick.—As to his *fort*, my lord, I grant you that the man is tall and upright enough ; but with submission, the utmost submission to your lordship's better judgment, don't you think there is

an awkwardness, a rigid, vulgar, unbending sort of a—a—we had fencing-masters, dancing masters, and drill serjeants, but all would not do; he looked more like a taylor than a gentleman.

Orrery.—Ah, then you have found-out that he is stiff? by the lord, David, you are right; nothing escapes you; he is stiff, *stiff as a poker*; we used to call him *poker Mossoft*. But however his body might want (as I acknowledge it did) the graceful, easy bend of the *Antinous*, his mind was formed of the most yielding and flexible materials; any advice that you gave him, he would take; from you, I am persuaded, a *hint* was sufficient.

Garrick.—Why, in this, my lord, I must be bold enough to differ from you in the most pointed and positive terms; for of all the obstinate, head-strong, and unmanageable animal I ever dealt with, he is the most stubborn, the most untractable, the most wrong-headed. I never knew one instance where he followed the advice that I gave him, in any the smallest degree. If I recommend him to dress a character *plain*, he comes upon the stage like a gingerbread king; if I recommend him to be splendid in his apparel, he endeavours to get a quaker's habit from the keeper of the wardrobe; and in every thing he, more than I thought belonged to human nature, had that impenetrable, that—that—that—

Orrery.—So! you have discovered that he is obstinate? upon my soul he is, as obstinate as a pig; he has more of that animal's pertinacity, than any man I ever knew in my life. But yet, David, with all these faults he is——. I have not time to enter into particulars. But be what he will, you have engaged him; I sincerely wish you may agree together. I am, my dear fellow, your most obedient servant, so no more—Farewell. To Mrs. Garrick present my compliments.

Our readers will doubtless remember the request of Commodore Trunnion, that when his carcase was *belayed by a tomb-stone*, his motto might be engraved “in plain English, that when the angel comes to pipe all hands, he may know that I am an Englishman, and speak to me in my mother tongue.” Pursuant to this desire, the following epitaph was composed by one of the crew, in honor of his old commander. According to Addison's definition of wit, it is a specimen of the most genuine, and is highly characteristic of the seafaring dialect.

Inscription on Commodore Trunnion's Tomb-Stone.

Here lies, foundered in a fathom
and a half, the shell of
HAWSER TRUNNION, ESQ.
Formerly a commander of a squadron
in his majesty's service,

Who broached to, at five, P. M.
Oct 10, in the year of his age,
three-score and nine-
teen.

He kept
his guns always loaded,
and his tackle ready manned,
And never shewed his poop to the
enemy,

Except when he took her in tow ;
but his shot being expended,
his match burnt out,
and his upper works decayed ; he
was sunk, by Death's superior
weight of metal. Nevertheless,
he will be weighed again at the

GREAT DAY,
His rigging refitted, and his
timbers repaired,
And with one broad side, make his
adversary strike in his
turn.

LADY'S MISCELLANY.

NEW-YORK, FEBRUARY 3, 1810.

The city-inspector reports the death
of 45 persons, during the week, ending
on Saturday last—of the following dis-
orders :—

| | |
|-------------------|----|
| Burned or scalded | 2 |
| Cancer | 1 |
| Casualty | 1 |
| CONSUMPTION | 15 |
| Convulsions | 5 |
| Debility | 1 |
| Decay | 3 |
| Dropsy | 1 |
| Dysentary | 1 |
| Typhus fever | 1 |
| Hives | 5 |

| | |
|----------------------|---|
| Old age | 1 |
| Pleurisy | 1 |
| Still-born | 2 |
| Suicide, by laudanum | 1 |
| Syphilis | 1 |
| Whooping cough | 5 |

Total 45.

| | |
|--------------------|----|
| Of or under 1 year | 8 |
| Between 1 and 2 | 5 |
| — 2 and 5 | 3 |
| — 5 and 10 | 1 |
| — 10 and 20 | 4 |
| — 20 and 30 | 3 |
| — 30 and 40 | 11 |
| — 40 and 50 | 5 |
| — 50 and 60 | 2 |
| — 60 and 70 | 0 |
| — 70 and 80 | 1 |
| — 80 and 90 | 1 |
| — 90 and 100 | 1 |

45.

Died, suddenly on Monday morning,
the 22d inst. Miss Mary Lumby, a na-
tive of Wales, aged 18.—In order to re-
move any wrong impressions the public
may have formed, the following is a cor-
rect statement :—

On Saturday night, Mr. H. who
staid at the house of Mr. Robert
Roberts, in Gold-street, came
home at about 12 o'clock, and Mr.
S. (a gentleman who arrived but a
few weeks ago from the West In-
dies) the friend of Mr. H. was sit-
ting in the room : Mr. H. re-
quested his friend, Mr. S. to sleep
in the room with him, which, with
some resistance he complied with.
Mr. H. observed in a jocular man-
ner, if he was offended at him, he
had a case of pistols in his desk,
and he must fight him ; at the
same time bringing them out, gave

one of them to Mr. S. and both stood with the pistols presented at each other; Mr. H. made some observations to his friend, and immediately laid down his pistol, when Mr. S. turned round to the deceased, who, with her brother, a boy of about fourteen years of age, had been assisting her to bring in the bed, he, Mr. S. playfully presented the pistol to her, when unfortunately, the pistol went off, which being loaded with a ball, entered her throat. Notwithstanding medical aid was immediately procured, but in vain, she lingered until half past one on Monday morning. The unfortunate sufferer was perfectly sensible until near her death, and repeatedly said she knew it was accidental. A coroner's inquest was held on the body of the deceased, and the verdict of accidental death was pronounced, her brother being the principal evidence.

A gentleman, who lately returned from the Spanish Main, where he visited the unfortunate American prisoners taken in Miranda's expedition, informs us, that 15 persons only remained in custody, and that these (having been furnished with the means) would, he believed, shortly be permitted to effect their escape. Their names are:

Robt. Saunders, and Peter Naulty, at Omca. Phineas Raymond, at Porto Rico; Sam. Tozier, Daniel Newberry, Ellery King, Ro-

bert Stevenson, James Hyatt, Abraham Head, Pompey Grant, George Ferguson, Robert Reins, William Ride, William Long, and Benjamin Davis, at Boca-Chica.

The society for the relief of poor Widows with small children, return thanks for the following donations:

| | | | |
|-----------------------------------|---|---|-------|
| Rev. Mr. Blackburn, from England, | - | - | \$ 10 |
| Mr. Wm. Few, | - | - | 10 |
| Mr. Elisha Coit, | - | - | 3 |
| Mr. John E. Hyde, | - | - | 2 |
| Mr. Jonathan Little | - | - | 10 |
| References by do. | - | - | 6 |
| Jury fees by do. | - | - | 1 50 |
| Mr. John Outout, | - | - | 25 |
| Mr. D. Livingston, | - | - | 25 |
| Dr. Edward Miller, | - | - | 10 |
| Mr. John R. Murray, | - | - | 10 |
| Mr. Joseph Lindley, | - | - | 5 |

By order of the Board,

M. BIRD, Sec'y.

City Dispensary.—On Sunday evening last, a very interesting and eloquent sermon was delivered in the Presbyterian Church in Cedar street, by the Rev. Dr. Romeyn, and a collection of 500 dollars taken up, for the benefit of this institution.

A poor, infirm, but worthy old man, we are authorised to say, was one of the fortunate holders of the quarter shares of the \$ 10,000 prize, sold by G. and R. Waite, a short time since, in the Baltimore College Lottery.

MARRIED,

On Monday evening, by the Rev. Mr. Moore, Mr. John Boerum, of Bushwick, L. I. to Miss Effie Baxter, of this city.

On Wednesday morning, in Trinity church, by the Rev. Dr. Hobart, Mr. George R. A. Ricketts, to Miss Mary Brewerton, daughter of the late James Brewerton, Esq. of this city.

On Saturday evening last, by the Rev. Mr. Parkinson, Hezekiah Goddard, Esq. of New London, to Miss Eunice Rathbone, daughter of Mr. John Rathbone, Merchant, of this city.

On Saturday evening last, by the rev. Dr. Divingson, Mr. William Abbotson, to Miss Ann Holden, both of this city.

At Weston, Conn. by the rev. James Johnson, Mr. Peter C. Oakley, to Miss Priscilla Hall.

At Courtland-Town, on Saturday the 12th January, by the Rev. Mr. Canfield, Capt. Joseph Carpenter, of New Marlborough, to Miss Margaret Golding.

On Tuesday, the 23d ult. by the rev. Mr. Milledoler, Mr. Philip Conklin, to Miss Harriet W. Leech.

Same evening, by the rev. Mr. Milledoler, Mr. James Willis, to Miss Mary Conklin.

DIED,

On Saturday evening last, Mrs. Eunice Rathbone, wife of Mr. John Rathbone, merchant, of this city, in the 50th year of her age. In a few minutes after embracing her daughter, who was just married, and while in usual health, she was seized with a fit of apoplexy, and expired in about an hour and a half. By this unexpected stroke of Divine Providence, her husband has lost an affectionate companion, her children a tender mother, the church a worthy member, and society a christian ornament.

On the 25th ult. the rev. John Wilsen, in the 47th year of his age.

On Thursday, the 25th ult. of a lingering illness, Mr. Robert Neilson, of this city, Grocer.

On Wednesday morning, after a short illness, Mrs. Patty Phoenix, wife of Alexander Phoenix, Esq. and only daughter of Mr. Nathaniel G. Ingraham, in the 25th year of her age.

On the 5th of November last, at Rome, in Italy, Elizabeth Lady Temple, wife of Sir Grenville Temple, Baronet. She was the daughter of the late George Watson, Esq. of Plymouth, and widow of the late Hon. Thomas Russel, of Boston. Her death will excite the sensibility and regret of an extensive circle of relations and friends.



THE DEATH OF THE
RIGHTEOUS.

SWEET is the scene when virtue dies,
When sinks a righteous soul to rest :
How mildly beam the closing eyes ;

How gently heaves th' expiring
breast !

So fades a summer-cloud away ;
So sinks the gale, when storms are
o'er,

So gently sinks the eye of day ;
So dies the wave along the shore.

Triumphant smiles the victor brow,
Fann'd by some angel's purple wing ;
O grave ! where is thy victory now ?
Invidious death ! where is thy sting ?

A holy quiet reigns around ;
A calm, which nothing can destroy ;
Nought can disturb that peace profound,
Which their unfetter'd souls enjoy.

Farewell, conflicting hopes and tears,
Where lights and shades alternate
dwell !

Now bright the unchanging morn appears !

Farewell, inconstant world ! farewell !

Its duty done, as sinks the clay,
Light from its load, the spirit flies ;
While heaven and earth combine to say,
" Sweet is the scene when virtue
dies."

From the Rhode Island American.

....

BENEATH what distant happy skies,
In what deep shade, or lonely cell,
Remote from man's enquiring eyes,
O say, can lovely woman dwell.

For lur'd by tales which children love,
And songs which youth attentive hoard,
Her fairest web my fancy wove,
And deck'd with flow'rs herself had
rear'd.

Then did I hail the happy day,
The day, the end of all my care,
When I, amid the throng should stray,
And mark the loveliest of the fair.

And thus with secret boast exclaim,
Oh, blest above my fellows I,
Though love for thee my heart inflame,
Thine burns sweet maid, as true as high.

Oh morning dreams of amorous youth,
Whither bright visions, have ye flown ?
Ye vanish'd at the dawn of truth,
And left my heart to sigh alone.

I saw the eye, I saw the form,
Which to enrapture, need but move ;
I press'd the lip so balmy warm,
And lov'd, because I sought to love.

Again I saw, but lov'd no more ;
At second view their beauties pall ;
When seen, when touch'd, the charm
o'er,
They're beautiful, and that is all.

Nor yet within the bosom fair,
Do tenderest charities abide ;
For oft the Demon passions tear,
The heart which throbs in beauty's side.

I saw the maid whose wither'd youth
Had trac'd the long historic line,
Who lov'd to delve the rock of truth,
Or take the wings of verse divine.

The letter'd fair one hour alone
I heard, of wonder and of pain,
Of neuter kind, she spurn'd her own,
And ap'd the other sex in vain.

I saw the fair who lov'd to rove
The fairy land of romance o'er,
Who wept by stream and shady grove,
And passions felt, unfelt before.

These were her theme, and these her
pride,
Soft sentiment and feeling true,
She turn'd from reason's hope, and
sigh'd
For scenes which fancy's pencil drew.

Faint is the tear which only falls
At legends of ideal woe,
But that which starts when pity calls,
Is brighter than the diamond's glow.

I hate th' insidious tricks of art,
Which wring a tear from souls of steel,
I seek the maid whose honest heart
Has never studied how to feel.

I search'd the court, I search'd the
wood,
To find the *lovely* of the fair ;
Her savage nature coarse and rude,
And art more savage triumph'd there.

Enough there are of beauteous mould,
Enough there are of cultur'd mind,
But from my eyes the fates withhold
The *lovely* whom I toil to find.

THE SENSITIVE PLANT.

STRANGE plant! that to life is so near-
ly alli'd,

And seems almost a soul to possess ;
If likeness to female reserve be your
pride,

I wish in some things it were less.

To shrink from the freedom which pass-
es due bounds,
Is the mark of a delicate mind ;

And the blow of unkindness most cru-
elly wounds

That heart which was gentle and kind.

But surely it savours too much of the
prude,

To fly at the slightest alarm ;

If the blow had been rough, or the touch
had been rude,

You might plead apprehension of
harm.

And then to recover so soon from your
pet,

And with leaves fresh expanded re-
main,

Admits a similitude to the coquette,
As if to say, "*Touch me again.*"

To shut, when the flies on your bosom
repos'd,

Is an art too, with cruelty fraught ;

Thus the heart of the fair is to pity oft
clos'd,

The moment the lover is caught.

FROM E. RILEY'S COLLECTION.

EPITAPH

On Mr. Scratchley, a copper-plate
Engraver.

HERE lies poor Scratchley,
Whose trade was *scratching* copper ;
Death *scratched* his soul,
The sexton *scratch'd* a hole,
And Scratchley was the stopper.

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